

The JOYS *of* **SPORT**



WY
STEVENSON



Class GV 131

Book S 8

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE
JOYS OF SPORT

BY

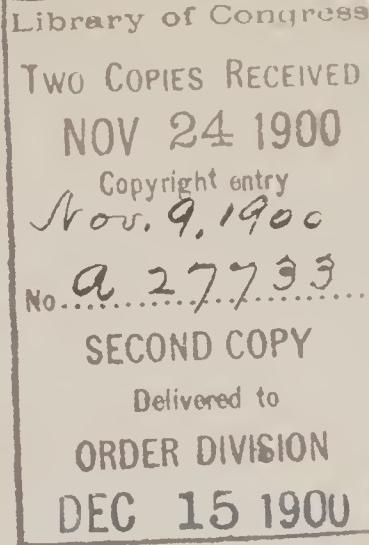
W. Y. STEVENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY G. R. BRILL

PHILADELPHIA

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

80243



Copyright, 1900, by
HENRY ALTEMUS

The Author and the Publishers wish to acknowledge the courtesy of William L. McLean, Esq., in permitting the re-issue of these Sketches, in book form, after their appearance in the columns of THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN.

DEDICATED TO
CAPTAIN EDWARD HEACOCK
“A MASTER OF CRAFT”

WARNING

This Book has no object or mission concealed within its cover, ready to spring out suddenly and jab you in the solar plexus before you have time to side step. It was not written for the purpose of improving your mind, your morals or your manners. They say, however, that when doing anything connected with sports, colossal nerve is the prime requisite; hence in placing these sketches before you I can at least lay claim to more than my share of that commodity. Nevertheless, if you happen to have any time to kill, which you feel sure deserves to die a horrid death, you can hardly find a better method for its cruel slaughter than the perusal of the following pages.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

Salt Water Fishing	9
Fencing	17
Sailing	23
Pigeon Shooting	29
Boxing	37
Track Athletics	43
Polo	51
Bear Hunting	57
Automobiling	63
Fresh Water Fishing	71
Fox Hunting	79
Basket Ball	85
Cricket	91
Tennis	97
Bicycling	103
Base Ball	109
Deer Hunting	117
Pool and Billiards	125
Rowing	133
Skating	141

Gawf	149
Swimming	159
Football	167
Duck Shooting	173
Hand Ball	179
Crabbing	185
Hunting Mud Hens	193
Coasting	201
Horse Racing	209
Croquet	215
Bowling	221

THE JOYS OF SPORT

SALT WATER FISHING

A BLUE FISH has by no means the sad, apathetic nature which might be expected from his name. On the contrary, he is of an aggressive and voracious turn of mind and prompt to grasp any opportunities that come his way.

The “opportunities” tendered him by most fishermen have a string attached to them. In fact, they endeavor to string him as much as they possibly can. In pursuing this nefarious design they employ lead

squids shaped somewhat like menhadens, with large hooks on one end. These are attached to long, stout lines and trailed behind a sail boat, thus producing the effect of swimming fish.

You may go out regularly for a week, cruise all along the coast and not see a sign of a blue fish, or you may be out for half an hour and catch a dozen. The uncertainty lends zest to this sport, and is its chief charm, but I would strongly advise any one of pessimistic disposition to eschew blue fishing entirely, as he is quite likely to have to subsist principally on hope and mouldy sandwiches for an indefinite period.

When you try weakfishing you usually catch sea robins and croakers. (The latter have nothing in common with the Tammany boss, which may



"The uncertainty lends zest to this sport."

readily be deduced from my statement that they are easily caught.) But now and then one comes across the record of a fisherman having actually captured a real weakfish. This is poor sport at best, however, and anyone who can pull in a line at a reasonably steady rate of speed is certain to make a big haul.

The greatest of the many joys of fishing is the cleaning of these submarine birds. When a fish is dead, a kind of slime appears on his corpse, so that when you attempt to take hold of him he slips through your fingers. You try to clamp him between your knees and he glides away, leaving a lot of ooze and scales on your \$2.00 pants. You resent this scaly treatment and cuss him accordingly, but with no effect. Then you jam his

back into the centre board slot and rip him open with a rusty knife.

Of course this will not improve the flavor of the first few fish, but after cutting up five or six the knife will have been pretty well cleansed, and if you keep the last half dozen for yourself, sending the rusty ones to your friends, why, everyone will be satisfied —including the undertaker.

The dorsal fins of some salt water fish are a source of woe to the amateur fisherman, who will never fully realize how remarkably rude these fish can be until they cut him. The fins seem to lie flat on the fishes' backs, but as soon as you commence to handle them they rise up in unexpected places and stick you for the drinks.

The only fish whose dorsal appendage is appreciated by sportsmen is the

shark. In fact, shark shooting is quite an exciting pastime. You first throw into the water a couple of hams or any bits of meat that are handy. Then you cruise around near by in a sail boat until you catch sight of a black object resembling a curved knife blade sticking out of the water. When you get within range you let drive a load of buck shot at the knife blade and sail up as quickly as possible to where the shark is struggling in the water and harpoon him.

If he is small you haul him aboard, but if he is over six feet long, and you are wise, you tow him along behind. I was in a catboat once, together with a wounded eight-foot shark, and three other men. One minute after he came aboard two of us were in the throat halyards, a third was out as far as he

could get on the boom, and the other was a prisoner in the cabin, while the shark was doing a rag-time dance over the closed hatchway. We remained in this position until we grounded on a sand bar, for you see, the shark did not seem to care to sail the boat, and under the circumstances we didn't either. But when we struck the bar the three of us who were in the rigging made a dash for the beach, while the prisoner in the cabin howled dismally for help. And not until the Nantucket Life Saving crew came over and overcame our unwelcome visitor by force of numbers were we able to release our companion and claim the ownership of the boat.

FENCING

THREE are two kinds of fencing. One is popular with farmers, the other with Frenchmen, and both have their good and bad points.

Nowadays sword play has been relegated to the rear ranks of war by the modern rifle, even as the old-fashioned snake fence has been supplanted by barbed wire.

As most people have a general idea of pastoral fencing, I will say a few words concerning the less useful occupation of French newspaper editors.

This style of fencing is divided into two schools—the Italian and the French. They resemble each other

to a certain extent, but as this is not a treatise on the use of the foils, I will not discuss the variations of the two styles. When you first go to a professor he will commence by teaching you the salute. In fact, no gentleman would ever think of spitting his rival like a trussed chicken unless he had first turned himself into a close imitation of a pretzel.

You are told to take the foil lightly in your right hand, to stand facing your adversary, then to execute a double shuffle and turn sideways, going through several windmill-like Masonic signs with your arms. When you feel reasonably confident that you have got your opponent hypnotized, lift your right foot up to your ear and come down with your feet several yards apart and your knees bent at right



"The man who can stand this the longer—wins."

angles. If, after executing this manœuvre, you don't feel sufficiently uncomfortable, you may be sure you haven't taken the correct attitude, so spread out some more and crook up your left arm as in the Highland fling.

When you have at last struggled into such a position that you know the slightest movement on your part will throw something out of joint, make a dig at your opponent, whom you will observe has made almost as great an ass of himself as you have, and cross your sword with his.

There must on no account be any side-stepping. All movements must be made either forward or backward, and there must be no striking of the blades. They should glide over each other and softly intertwine like the fingers of a spoony couple, the

motions being made chiefly with the wrist. The man who can stand this the longer without getting the cramps wins.

Sometimes one or the other of the fencers gets stuck—generally in the arm. But every precaution has been taken, even against such an unlooked-for accident. After the gentleman's gore has been swabbed up, he falls on his opponent's neck, takes a strangle hold by means of a half Nelson hitch, and if they can stand the mixed odor of absinthe and garlic, they kiss and go home.

SAILING

DID you ever sail a catboat? If you haven't, you've something to look forward to. If you have, you can sympathize with your fellow-sufferers —Beg pardon—"yachtsmen." There are several distinct ways of falling overboard, all of which you learn in time. You can catch your foot in the sheet rope and be jerked over, turning several aerial cart wheels as you go; you can be hit on the head by the boom, which means either a back or forward somersault, according to whether it lands on the point of your jaw or the base of your brain; you can try to toss a fifty pound

anchor over the side and follow it head first; you can attempt to catch a mooring as the boat goes by it and be pulled over by main force, and, last, but not least, you can fall in between the vessel and her tender (a favorite method with small boys and women).

Of course, sailing is not all unmixed woe. Once in a while you get a pleasant breeze, a pleasant party, no heavy swell and a cool day; but generally you don't, and in summer time you are invariably becalmed just before dinner. However, one soon gets used to that and arranges to have supper served at 2 A. M. every day.

Barring bars and rocks, docks are the "bête noir" of the catboat sailor. Did you ever attempt to make a landing before the wind and have suit brought against you by the owner of



"Did you ever sail a cat-boat?"

the wharf for wilful destruction of property? Or did you ever spend three-quarters of an hour trying to sail the intervening ten yards between your "cat" and the dock with the boat absolutely hard and fast in stays? If you haven't, you're no true sailor.

The writer was once told that in making a landing if the centre board was raised just before reaching the wharf the boat would lose her headway almost immediately. I tried it once when attempting to board the United States cruiser *San Francisco* in Newport harbor with my twenty-two-foot "cat" and the result was a broken mast, much white paint scraped off Uncle Sam's warship and unlimited profanity from the officer of the deck.

Speaking of profanity, it is a well known fact that a sailor has greater

command over this kind of language than any other human being (I say "human" because golfers can hardly be called that) and it comes entirely from trying to manage ships, which are very rightly spoken of in the feminine gender on account of their capriciousness, crankiness, uncertainty and fascination. The proper way to go about learning to sail is to be taught to swim, to never lose your temper, to get used to staying in wet clothes for hours, to be quick with your feet and hands, to have a rhinoceros-like hide all over your body and to carry an accident policy.

PIGEON SHOOTING

THE peculiarity of pigeon shooting is the peculiarity of the men who do the shooting. Each man has his own especial little tricks by means of which he thinks his marksmanship is improved. I knew a man once, a really fine shot, who would never stand on the raised platform leading to the traps, but, rain or shine, snow or mud, he would invariably take his position on the grass just beside his mark, and if through any unforeseen cause he could not stand in this spot his shooting was of the poorest description. Another well known wing shot cannot bring his birds down unless he wiggles

his right thumb just before he fires. As to the wearing of certain coats and hats or the using of a certain make of shells, the majority of pigeon shooters are absolutely helpless unless these various appurtenances are at hand. Singularly enough this does not prevail to so great an extent as one might suppose in regard to guns. I know one man in particular who doesn't care a rap as to what make of gun he uses, provided he can have his shells loaded with his favorite brand of powder.

If you ever care to find out how cheap and small you can be made to feel just go out to some popular gun club and stand at the traps before forty or fifty enthusiasts and after posing for a moment or two in the most approved style, fire both barrels



"Lost bird!"

and then hear that dreary cry of the referee, "lost bird."

Some men never seem fully to get over the nervousness caused by having their actions watched by so many people, and even old hands at the game fall down at times.

A dead bird is one which is gathered inside the fifty yard circle or boundary. A lost bird is one which breaks all family ties and strays from the home circle never to return. An easy bird may be either a young lady whose acquaintance you make quickly, or a pigeon whose obsequies are easily attended to. A bird is considered half shot when it staggers drunkenly around in the air, showing that the load has gone to its head. While if you speak of "drivers," "quarterers," "towerers," and "incomers," you refer

to the direction of their flight, and not to golf clubs, twenty-five cent pieces, the William Penn statue, or Andrew Carnegie.

It is amusing to watch the way the different marksmen walk out to the traps. Each man has his own method and nothing can make him alter it in the smallest degree, for he firmly believes that if anything should be changed his chances to win are gone. Some of them hand in their bird tickets before they shoot and some after. Others will hand in bunches of ten or twenty, while still others invariably forget them and have to go back for one each time. Some men walk out in a hurry, while others stroll down the platform trying hard to appear unconcerned, and the expressions on most of their faces would cause you

to believe they were on the way to be guillotined. For pigeon shooting is a very serious thing, and must be treated with becoming gravity and respect, and the lengthy discussions after the match as to the direction of a certain bird's flight or the drift of No. 6 shot as compared with No. $7\frac{1}{2}$ would make you think that the laws governing the universe were being discussed instead of merely the day's sport.

BOXING

IF YOU'VE never boxed don't try to learn. The average man keeps out of a fight if he doesn't know anything about it, but let him take three or four lessons in the noble art of self-defence and he immediately starts out looking for trouble—and he finds it.

When a small boy, my chief incentive for learning the art was to lick the butcher's son, across the street. We had had several encounters which had somewhat marred the classic beauty of my countenance (my "best" friends tell me it has never quite recovered from those early impressions), so the only thing to do was to go to a professor.

The natural thing to expect from a regular teacher is that he will put on the gloves with you immediately and sail in. Not a bit of it.

This would be learning too quickly, and thereby reducing the gentleman's income. The first three or four seances are taken up by practicing foot work. You dance around the room like the premiere danseuse of the ballet. The next three or four days you spend in liniment, nursing sore muscles. Then you are permitted to practice the elementary punches and guards. After that you are turned over to one of the assistants, who are usually prize fighters training for future fights.

If you are wise, after being knocked out a few times, you will turn your energies to something milder, like hammering pig iron or bull fighting.



Trice

"He immediately starts out looking for trouble."

If you are not wise, and your constitution survives the strain of several weeks of slaughter, you may graduate into the position of one of the assistants and then have fun in your turn with the novices. But you will never learn the whole science unless you really make a business of it; for the instructors will naturally not teach you all they know or their prestige would be gone.

Another way to learn to box is to get an acquaintance who knows something about it to teach you.

Don't get anyone whom you know at all well; you may owe him money or have succeeded in diverting the affections of his best girl, and although you may have forgotten about it, the chances are that he hasn't.

After taking about twenty lessons I

thought I knew enough to do up the butcher's boy, but I found I had another "think." He heard that I had been going to a professional, so to counteract this advantage he concealed a piece of clam shell between the second and third fingers of either hand. When I discovered this in the second round I was all cut up about it, and never again did I have that innocent, childlike faith in my fellow men which is so beautiful to read about, but which is so seldom found in these days of trusts and taxes.

TRACK ATHLETICS

HURDLING is probably the most picturesque of the various specialties of a well rounded track team.

The hurdler must have the characteristics of an army mule. He must be able to run fast, either on his feet or his head, depending upon whether he can clear the ten fences between him and the finish line without striking one of them. He must be a good jumper, both in distance and height. He must get used to bruised ankles and shins and he must not object to having his complexion marred by frequent insertions of fine cinders under the cuticle. A hurdler who could go through a

season without an accident would draw a high salary from a dime museum.

Next in point of sensationalism come the high jumpers and pole vaulters. These also lead a precarious existence, particularly the wielders of the clothes prop. In fact, there have been cases where men were killed while pole vaulting by the pole breaking and transfixing their bodies. At the time people said they were dead stuck on it.

The hardest worked men on a track team are the quarter milers. These unfortunates are expected to sprint at a hundred-yard clip for four hundred and forty yards, and unless they fall in a dead faint at the tape, they are accused of not having fully extended themselves and are said to lack nerve.

The human grasshopper or long jumper has a rather nice job. He is



"The human grasshopper."

only required to take a short sprint, after which he hurls himself bodily into the atmosphere and buries himself in a pile of mud. It may readily be deduced that his specialty is not conducive to cleanliness, but, on the other hand, he falls soft, and after being dug out of the scenery he is not much the worse for wear.

The distance runners and sprinters respectively look down upon each other. Each thinks the other is of no account and each accuses the other of spoiling the track. The sprinter by digging large chasms from which to spring on his hundred-yard journey ; the distance man on account of his numerous circlings of the cinder path which tend to soften and crumble its surface.

The heavy men, or weight throwers, have rather a thankless task. There

is nothing very spectacular to be observed when a young man stands in a small circle and shoves a shot away from him. Nor is there anything thrilling in seeing a rather fat youth swing an iron ball on the end of a wire several times around his head, and then (provided the wire doesn't break and kill a few spectators) let it fly into the air for forty or fifty yards, after which a couple of hours are spent in trying to measure the intervening distance with a tape measure which is invariably too short.

There is one man whom spectators, judges, athletes, referees, starters and timekeepers, one and all, detest. He receives more abuse than any other mortal on the field. This is the unfortunate individual who drives the roller over the track at a snail's pace in a

vain endeavor to smooth away the marks of the runners' spikes. During the operation, which requires about fifteen or twenty minutes, everything must stop, and everyone has a chance to think up the choicest invectives to hurl at the poor man's head. Indeed a philanthropic organization should be formed for the purpose of protecting both the bodies and souls of decrepit track rollers who would otherwise lose all chance of future salvation through the cruel condemnation of their fellow-men.

POLO

ALLITERATIVELY speaking, polo is the passion and pastime of the puffed up and purse proud plutocracy. Or, in the words of Shakespeare, "If you ain't got no money you needn't come around."

In the first place, you must own a string of six or seven particularly vicious ponies, whose one idea is to bite and kick everything in sight. During the course of the match, which is divided into rounds, or periods, you will kill off two or three of these, hence the necessity of owning several.

The object of the game, aside from breaking your own collar bone, is to

see that your opponent breaks his. Incidentally, you try to knock a croquet ball between two posts with an elongated pickaxe. This pick is made of wood so that you can only be convicted of manslaughter with intent to kill, instead of murder. Most of the ponies wear boots to protect their feet from the damp grass. The riders wear their hair parted in the middle, a grim smile, a pair of duck trousers built to resemble two mutton chops, and riding boots. It is not quite clear why they should handicap themselves with this costume, but as they all do it, there is no unfairness. Some day a team of Western men will turn up arrayed in the ordinary leather cowpuncher overalls and red shirts and wipe up the scenery with what they would term "these Yankee stiffnesses," and then per-



"Incidentally you try to knock a croquet ball."

haps a wave of dress reform will sweep away the ridiculously awkward riding garb of the present day. There are always a large number of grooms, coachmen and hangers-on about a polo field, all of whom receive tips for carrying their masters' mangled remains from the scene, or carting away dead horses. So what with the extensive tipping which goes on, to say nothing of the tippling, and the keep and care of so many men and animals, together with the railway transportation for both to all parts of the country, it may readily be seen that polo is a game for the man with the dough and not meant for Mr. Markham's suburban society leader.

The chief qualifications necessary to becoming a good player are: A singularly ferocious and bloodthirsty nature,

an unlimited income and a thick skull. A first class surgeon is also indispensable. Besides the actual playing of the game, you must be a good companion and be able to take in every ball that comes your way, be it a "high" one or a dance—you must give dinners after the match even if you have to leave your spine or a leg on your dressing table. In fact, I knew a man once who dined with his friends at 7 o'clock after breaking his arm in a polo match that same afternoon.

BEAR HUNTING

IF YOU start from home with the avowed intention of killing a grizzly bear you will in all probability not even catch a glimpse of one. The only efficient method for finding these wily beasts is to go after mountain sheep, or, still better, take a rod and try trout fishing. Sure as fate you will encounter a particularly lean and hungry bear.

In spite of the many statements made concerning the ferocity of these animals they will, as a rule, avoid the hunter if they can, and only when wounded do they become really dangerous. Then they will in all likelihood attempt a little hunting on their

own account. The one exception to this rule, as I said before, is when you are out with only a fishing rod for protection.

My advice to all Rocky Mountain fishermen is to carry a pair of spiked sprinting shoes. They are lighter and less bulky than a rifle and much more efficient in the hands, or rather on the feet, of a novice.

A good, healthy grizzly can do a quarter mile in about 49 2-5 seconds. This calculation is based on an experience with one while I was on a fishing trip.

My record for the quarter is only 51, but I saw him first and got a flying-start of thirty yards, reaching camp just ten yards in the lead. Our time was not caught by stop watch, as we had none with us, but the guide



"The one exception to this rule—"

said he calculated that the above figures were about correct by his Waterbury, using the mule corral as a finish line. Unfortunately the bear's time could only be approximated, for the other guide, who hadn't a particle of sporting spirit, shot the brute before he could cross the tape.

A black bear's disposition is never as dark as it is painted, and a polar bear will always treat you white, but the grizzly should neither be introduced nor tolerated in good society, as he is tough and his manners are exceedingly rude.

He does not die easily, and the more lead he absorbs into his system the fiercer he gets, and when you do not succeed in reaching a vital spot at the first shot and you see him rear up on his hind legs, towering eight feet in

the air, it will be just about all you can do to keep your wits about you and punch him in the slats. In fact, a far greater factor of safety than presence of mind on such an occasion, is absence of body.

AUTOMOBILING

ALTHOUGH some people will object that riding in a motor carriage does not come properly under the head of "sport," if you look at it from the point of view of athletics, there is much exercise to be derived from it.

To the uninitiated it would seem that this sort of riding would be perfect rest. This is not the case, particularly with the gasoline and steam vehicles. As for the electric machine, most of your exercise will come after you have gotten well into the country and the current gives out. Pushing a two thousand pound carriage five or ten miles over a dirt road is about as

much sport as the ordinary athletically inclined individual would care for on a warm afternoon. Then you take it to a power house and tell them to charge it.

They do so, but you pay cash just the same. In fact, this style of machine is the most expensive of the three.

The electric vehicle, however is not in it athletically with the gasoline machine. Here your exercise begins before you start! If you've never tried filling with air four three-inch pneumatic tires by means of a bicycle pump, you don't know what work is. After that, if your sparking batteries have not been short circuited over night from leaving the switch open or getting a wire crossed, you will proceed to start the motor. This is done



by turning a fifty-pound fly wheel about seventeen hundred times with a small iron handle (the catalogues say two or three times will suffice, but the men who write such statements would make money as dime novelists or gold mine promoters). During the time you are turning yourself into an amateur organgrinder, you generally bark your knuckles on the surrounding machinery, and when at last you hear the welcome puff which proves that the gas has caught on, you feel more like taking a Turkish bath or spending a week in the hospital than going out riding.

Nevertheless you jump in and shove the friction clutch lever over invariably the wrong way, backing your machine at the rate of fifteen miles an hour into everything on the road. Finally, after

you get full control of it and are well started on your journey, the vaporizer, or air mixer, gets mixed and refuses to act properly. Then you push the carriage home. This is merely a light exercise to finish up with; for this machine weighs only about nine hundred pounds as against the electric automobile's two thousand.

In starting a steam vehicle you have less grinding and more pumping to do. For, besides the tires, you must have sufficient air pressure in the gasoline tank to enable you to get fire enough under the boiler to keep up a good head of steam. This never happens, however, and before you have proceeded ten miles your machine gradually comes to a standstill, and you must wait a while until the steam chooses to brace up. Often it doesn't

choose, and then you have the usual push back.

In short, the governing axiom of the motor crank may be reduced to two words: "Hump thyself!"

FRESH WATER FISHING

BEFORE you attempt to learn anything about trout fishing, such as casting or gaffing, you should learn to handle a pair of rubber boots. Hip boots are the bane of the fisherman's existence. They won't stay up, they invariably leak, and they take up more room in a trunk than all your other belongings.

It requires remarkable skill and judgment to navigate a pair of boots up a stream without taking in water. You put one leg forward, ascertain that the creek does not rise above that boot, then you bring the other leg over, thinking you are all right, and the first thing you know that cold, wet

feeling permeates your limb. Of course, the other boot has slipped down and you are waterlogged. In desperation you take them off and try wading in your stocking feet, a moment later you step on an empty dried meat can, and the remainder of your two weeks' outing is spent in the pleasant anticipation of lock-jaw.

After binding up your foot with your shirt you go on until you hit a boulder and fall into the water. This is neither conducive to good temper, good fishing, nor good clothes, and after making two or three ineffectual casts you decide to climb out of the stream, carefully resting your knee on a fish-hook as you crawl up the bank, thereby laming yourself for life.

Then you remember a quiet pool some distance through the woods where



"The only way to catch trout."

the speckled devils may be tempted. So, in order to save time you don't take your tackle apart, but try to make your way through the trees with everything rigged up. This generally ends the day's sport, as the line, of course, becomes tangled, breaking the tip of the rod. Sometimes you take the time and trouble to unfasten the leader and disjoint the rod, putting it together after reaching the pool in question. Here you stand on the bank, swing your rod back in an attempt to make an overhand cast and hook a bush. After several attempts you may manage to flick the flies into the pool with a side swing and suddenly the reel begins to hum. You have actually hooked a fish! After playing tag with him for half an hour all over the place and having succeeded at last in

bringing him near the bank, you suddenly realize that you have forgotten the landing net, that the bank is two or three feet above the water and that there is no beach on which to land the fish—and there you are. It generally ends in your trying to capture him with your hands and taking a header into the pool.

When once more on dry land you decide that the only way to catch trout is with a drag net and a diver's outfit.

Trolling for muskellunge or pike is rather easier. All the work is done by the man who rows the boat. The only time the man with the rod has any excitement is when he tries to get the hook out of the two-foot pickerel's stomach after he has swallowed spoon, bait, leader and half the line. This is really quite an interesting surgical operation, and an hour or so may be spent with great ease and profit in ex-

ploring the interior construction of a lively fish who keeps flapping his tail in your face while he digs his fin into your abdomen and sheds skin and scales all over everything.

For real, solid comfort, however, give me a quiet pond, a flat bottomed scow, an old bamboo pole, a piece of string, a cork and a worm. Here the peacefully-inclined may sit for hours catching sun fish and "catties" by simply watching the bob, and when it shows signs of throwing a fit, instead of spending a long time in politely trying to induce the fish to come in out of the wet, just jerk him bodily into the boat. This style of fishing may be had anywhere. It is neither tiring nor expensive, and you don't run the chance of breaking a limb and catching nothing but chronic rheumatism for your pains.

FOX HUNTING

FROM the fox's point of view hunting is great fun.

To see a bunch of red-coated dudes galloping madly over the landscape following a lot of yelping dogs in a gigantic circle, while he himself has quickly crossed a bit of swampy ground where his scent is broken by the water, is almost as entertaining as killing a chicken. Or, if no water is at hand, to run into a hole and listen to the dogs fighting each other up above, really makes his life worth the living.

Of course, now and then, through some misunderstanding the hunters actually capture their wily game and

then he loses both his life and his tail ; but such cases are as rare as a good boarding-house steak in a New Jersey summer resort.

Hunting, from the dog's point of view, is much like the never-ending human search for happiness. He keeps on and on and never gets there. Even if he does catch his fox by herculean efforts, before he has time to get one good chew the hunters come up and deprive him of his prize. But a hound has an optimistic disposition, and the following day he will try just as hard to corner his quarry as if he had had no previous disappointment.

The only participant in a fox hunt who has no particular reason for enjoying himself is the hunter. He rigs himself up in a most uncomfortable and outlandish style and mounts a long-



"From the fox's point of view hunting is great fun."

legged, bony horse, which immediately takes the bit in its teeth and runs madly over a ripening grain field, stopping suddenly at the fence on the opposite side in order to hurl its rider in a series of parabolic curves into the open arms of a fierce looking farmer with a large shotgun, who has been waiting to enter an emphatic protest against having his crops trampled down.

After paying half of his money to the farmer for the purpose of restoring peace, the hunter must needs pay the remainder to the farmer's son for catching his runaway steed, and when he has been ignominiously placed upon its back his riotous enjoyment of the sport is scarcely increased when he realizes that the whole party, including his very best girl, have been watch-

ing his remarkable evolutions with much interest and evident amusement from a neighboring hill.

The one time when the fox need really look to his brush is when some of the farm hands arrange to do a little hunting on their own account.

They may not be quite so picturesque in their shirt sleeves, overalls and leggings as their scarlet coated brothers, but they know their business ; and it is indeed a rare occasion when these tillers of the soil return to the rendezvous at the country store without a fresh pelt to be tanned.

BASKET BALL

THIS game is played by good looking young men whose sweethearts once told them that they looked just too sweet for anything in their bathing suits. The cruel flattery so completely turned their heads that they immediately set to work devising some scheme whereby they would be able to show off their lovely shapes in winter time, when it was too cold to pose on the beach. Somebody suggested basket ball and the problem was solved.

In order to emphasize and draw attention to their Apollo-like forms they purchased the wildest and most remarkable looking bathing suits they

could find, put on rubber shoes, hired a hall, at each end of which they hung a crab net, bought a large, round ball filled with air, so that it wouldn't destroy their beautiful complexions and charged the girls twenty-five cents to come and see the living pictures.

And how those same young ladies' souls swell with pride when dear Reginald, puffing out his watermelon colored chest, glides gracefully down the room on winged feet and hurls the rubber ball into the crab net! Or when Charles Augustus, in pink and lavender, makes a fairy-like pass over the heads of the opposing players to Ferdinand Aurelius, who in his turn leaps eighteen feet into the air, amid the screams and plaudits of the assembled multitude, and, alighting near his particular charmer, throws her a



"He must have beautiful Grecian features."

killing glance, which makes her the most envied girl of her "set." Then, after depositing the ball in the crab catcher, he bows gracefully to right and left, while posing on his toes and blowing kisses to the enthusiastic audience.

Could anything be more tumultuously thrilling? Talk about an eighty-yard plunge through the centre for a touchdown on the football field! Why, it's not in it with Ferdinand Aurelius's hair-raising piece of acting! There it is in a nutshell. "Acting" from start to finish, with tableaux and poses interlarded to break the monotony.

But it isn't everyone who can become a great basket ball player. He must have beautiful Grecian features, long, dark, flowing locks or lovely

golden curls, a fair complexion and romantic eyes. He must have large shoulders and a slender waist, with beautifully rounded arms and legs, while his feet and hands must be small and aristocratic.

I once stood beside a well known oarsman, who was watching some basket ball players practicing. And what do you think that rude man called them? "A big, bloomin' bunch of stiffness!" Could anything be more scandalous? Why, I nearly fainted with confusion and straightway invited him to come outside and have a drink.

CRICKET

CRICKET is a game that is played while dreaming by twenty-two sleep-walkers in a trance.

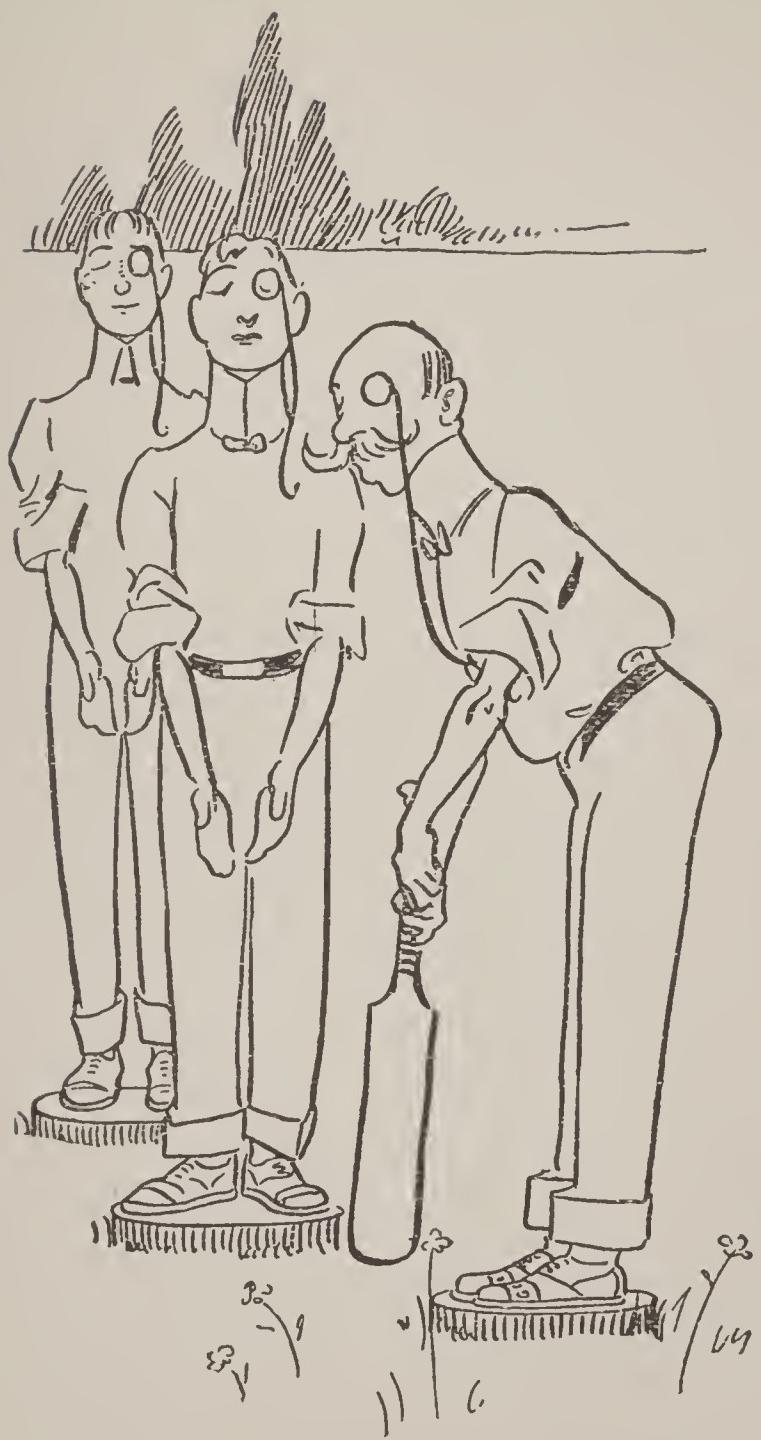
The subjects are usually imported from England, the climate of that country being more conducive to the development of the astral body and its perfect projection. Americans are not good mediums, as their temperaments have not that soporific quality essential to good cricket, and therefore they can never hope to reach the higher form of trance which is necessary for the proper manifestation of the game.

The two elevens are taken out in hearses to a section of the country where

the air is soft and balmy and everything is conducive to perfect peace and quiet. Here an expert hypnotist takes them in hand and makes a number of passes around their heads. As fast as the players succumb to the influence they are led out on the grass by attendants, placed in their proper positions and informed that they will be called in time for luncheon at two o'clock.

Everything being satisfactorily arranged, each one immediately falls into a trance and the audience applauds at intervals until 1.55 p.m. At this hour the hypnotist is brought on the field, where he murmurs a few mysterious words. The players stir uneasily in their slumbers and finally wake up and are led back to the club house by their attendants.

Here a meal consisting of hashish is served, after which each subject smokes



Brice
93

two pipe-pills of opium, drinks a small quantity of laudanum, and is then led out again to his position, where he remains until stumps are drawn for the day.

The umpire's duty is to take careful notes of the condition of the opposing teams, and the one which on the whole seems to present the most repose of manner wins the match.

Following are some terms used in the game and their significance: An over is when a man cannot be awakened for luncheon. To be stumped is when he chokes while hitting the pipe. A maiden is a new hand at the game who is difficult to hypnotize. Clean bowled is when a player cannot even sleep standing up, but must needs fall down. A rough crease means that a player's dreams are disturbed by nightmare and that the hashish doesn't agree with him.

TENNIS

THE game of tennis was invented for the benefit of poor but deserving laundresses.

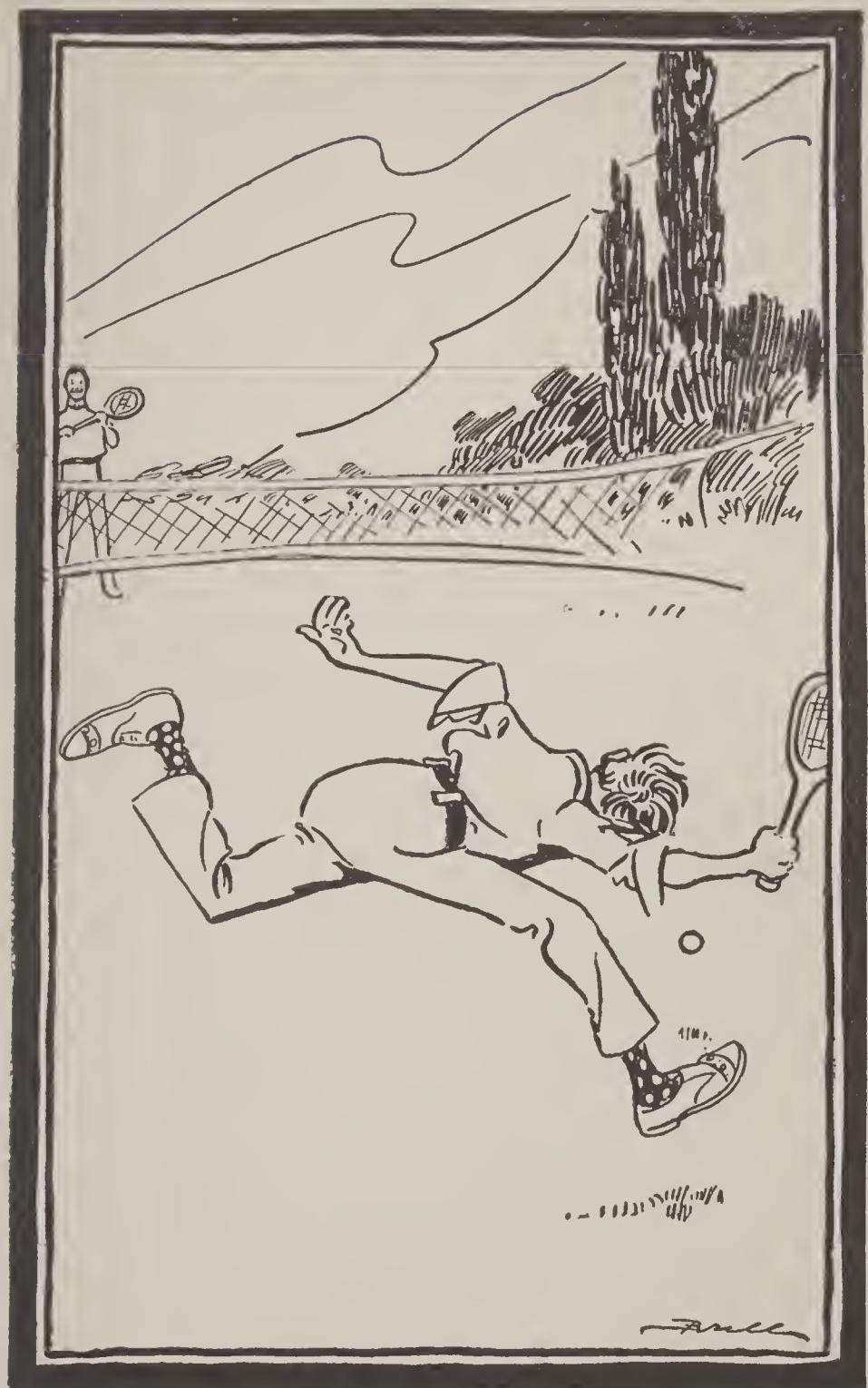
You are expected to dress entirely in white, even to your shoes. You take your place in a court on which the grass has been cultivated to a particularly moist shade of green, and while executing your very first "lawn-ford" the attraction of gravitation proves so attractive that you sit down hard on mother earth. When you arise a considerable portion of the landscape rises with you, and you find it is almost as difficult to shake as a poor relation. In fact, this beautiful green decoration sticks to you through-

out the match and nothing but the laundress' best efforts can remove it from that portion of your trousers which comes along after you have gone by.

Tennis has lots of "love" in it, but strange to say, nobody cares to be the one to whom the love is given, and your energies are entirely spent in trying to avoid this so-called calamity.

It is not a dangerous game, but there are large quantities of work to be found hidden away in its intricacies. Indeed, no better exercise can be had than when your opponent stands at the net and keeps you dashing madly up and down your base line trying to reach his well directed cross-court smashes.

Closely connected with tennis, but not nearly so scientific, is the game of Tether Ball. This consists of an up-



"But there are quantities of work—" 99

L. of C.

right pole, to the top of which a rubber ball is attached by means of a long string, the object being to wind the string tightly about the pole by slugging the ball with a tennis racket. This is a warm game, and more perspiration may be pumped out of you in half an hour's playing than by any other sweating method in existence.

Here are some of the ways of scoring.

To be hit in the eye by the ball counts one point for your opponent. If you crack his skull with your racket you secure a lead of three points, but he can even things up by wrapping the string around your neck and strangling you. Again you go ahead by two points when he breaks the pole; but the score is deuce when the string snaps and the ball is lost.

Every tooth knocked down his throat counts one point, but when teeth are simply knocked out without being swallowed they only count half a point apiece. A fractured nose counts a point and a split ear counts three points against you because you must have been off-side to be hit in this portion of your anatomy.

These are the more simple ways of scoring and will serve to give the novice a general idea of the game. For further instruction in this line kindly apply to the janitor of the Morgue.

BICYCLING

THERE are yet a few victims of the bicycle craze who have not been run over or who have not taken to automobiling. These stragglers from the vast army of cyclists of former years still go on pedalling their weary way over the hills and ruts of life until some fine day they collide with a dog or get a sunstroke and join the silent majority.

One by one they fall by the wayside, beaten at last by the unnumbered obstacles which spring up in their path, until at the present time a wheelman riding along a country road is rather a rare spectacle in comparison with the

hordes of men, women and children who were wont to invade the suburbs on Sunday afternoons and holidays.

The bicycle is a great blessing to the working man who lives a distance from his employment, and for this particular use it will always be popular, being both quick and inexpensive. But one no longer sees the huge club runs and the multitudes of pleasure seekers. Indeed, I am somewhat surprised that the fad lasted as long as it did, for no harder or more disagreeable work can be devised than the pushing of a wheel along a dusty road where every particle of dirt that doesn't get into the chain and clog it up, goes into your eyes, ears, nose and mouth until you wonder if there will be enough of the scenery left after you have passed by to furnish a respectable view.



"The cook informs you that the drains are stopped up."

You sit on a chunk of leather-covered wood, called by a courtesy a "saddle," bend your back double in trying to reach the handle bars, somewhere far below you, and push along, neither looking to the right nor to the left, for fear of running into something, until your tire is punctured.

You get off and proceed to repair it by covering yourself with cement, and by the time you have finished it is necessary to race home, if you wish any dinner.

Coming back, the dirt sticks to your cement bedecked garments until you are practically unrecognizable, and you finally have to feel your way into the house, as your eyes are completely closed by dust and mud. You stumble feebly upstairs, peel off your perspiration soaked clothes and fall fainting into the bath tub.

The following day the cook informs you that the drain is stopped up and that the water has backed into the kitchen. You send for a plumber, who explains to you that someone has been choking the pipes with mud, gravel and cement, and that it will be absolutely necessary to dig up the entire cellar in order to repair the damage and prevent a flood. Then, when the plumber's bill comes in at the end of the month, you have to sell your machine in order to pay it.

Thus has the bicycle lost its grip on the affections of the pleasure-seeking public.

BASE BALL

BASE BALL is played for the purpose of giving a large number of people the chance of expressing their opinions (both oral and written), who would under other circumstances not even be permitted to freight them.

A man who at home does not dare raise his voice above a whisper for fear of waking the baby, will, when sitting on the right field bleachers, shout out his ideas concerning the team as a whole and each player in particular in loud and emphatic language. And the man who writes lengthy articles for the newspapers concerning the remarkably poor showing of the home

club would never receive the slightest notice from a long suffering public if it were not for his wonderful command of the technical slang of the diamond.

Besides supporting the above mentioned charities, our national game presents a lucrative career to thousands of men who would be otherwise incapable of earning a competency, and some of the salaries drawn by the more noted players would open the eyes of any one not familiar with the vast sums of money expended yearly by the managers of various clubs throughout this country in securing the services of popular ball tossers.

The ages of players vary considerably. From university boys who have just graduated and who were stars on their college nines, to gray-haired men, who remember the time when



"This is called a good delivery."

the various ways of curving a ball had not been discovered, and when players wore no gloves. In fact, I have heard of one or two old pitchers who have gone to the well several times too often, and, moreover, it is quite evident that they did not confine themselves strictly to the drinking of its wholesome contents.

A base ball team is composed of nine players besides the umpire and the peanut vender. The catcher stands behind the batter with a life preserver on his chest and a muzzle over his face. The latter is to prevent him from biting his name in the umpire's neck. He wears a large mitt over one hand which he pounds vigorously with the other fist, varying the monotony by occasionally expectorating upon its surface. The pitcher stands in the

middle of the diamond, and after wiping his hands on the seat of his trousers scrapes the ball in the dust in order to roughen its surface, so that it may be curved more easily ; then casting a glance at the first baseman he lifts one leg in the air, ties himself into a true-lover's knot and hurls the sphere at the catcher. This is called a "good delivery." Deliver us from an evil one!

The three basemen are not necessarily blackguards, in spite of their titles. They are expected to stand near their respective sand bags and try to stamp their iron spikes into the runner's feet as he goes by. If they succeed in laming a man so that he is incapable of reaching the home plate their side wins.

The shortstop need not be a very

short stop, but he should be reasonably so in order to connect with the grounders that come his way. The three fielders are chosen for their symmetrical figures and beauty of countenance, as they must necessarily pose the greater part of the time for the edification of the public.

The umpire's job used to be a poor one in the days of rowdy ball. But times have changed, and he is pretty nearly monarch of all he surveys, always excepting the gate receipts, which go with the manager of the club whenever this gentleman decides to light out.

DEER HUNTING

DID you ever hunt a deer? If you have you will probably agree with me that it is a splendid sport excepting when it comes to the killing of your quarry. Nothing makes a man feel more like a murderer than to shoot one of those harmless little animals.

They are hunted in many ways, most of which are against the law. But the law doesn't count for much in the wild woods with no one there to enforce it.

The method of hunting with dogs has been pretty well abolished, but instead there has been substituted a sort of battue wherein the guides take the place of dogs and drive the deer towards the concealed sportsmen.

Jacking is still done to a considerable extent in Maine and the Adirondacks. You go out on a dark night in a canoe having a singularly hard and insinuating bottom, on which you are expected to sit motionless from 9 P. M. to 4 A. M. You tie an evil smelling lamp on your hat, take a shot gun in your hand and your guide paddles you noiselessly around the wooded shores of a misty lake until in the distance you hear a splash. After a half hour's silent paddling through the gloom you reach the spot where you thought you heard a deer and find it to be nothing but a muskrat or one of those little porcupines.

Gradually you grow colder and colder, and the bottom of the canoe gets harder and harder, while the silence becomes more oppressive every



“Two bright spots seem to start out of the night.”
119

moment until you feel you will have to let out a yell and do a song and dance to relieve your nerves and muscles. Then, just as you decide to give up and go home, the guide causes the canoe to tremble slightly, which is the signal for you to look out ahead. You peer through the misty vapor lying over the silent water and try to penetrate the darkness beyond until your eyes ache and your head swims. When, all of a sudden, two bright spots seem to start out of the night a few yards ahead of you. Again the boat shakes under the guide's warning hand. You raise the gun, while your heart stops beating, and you feel a wild desire to clear your throat. A splash, a snort, two terrific explosions and silence again broods over everything.

The guide paddles up to the dead

thing lying on the bank, does something with a knife which makes you feel horribly sick, throws the soft limp carcass into the canoe and you sneak quietly away like a thief in the night. Such is the sport of jacking for deer.

It is strange how hunting seems to make brutes out of the most tender-hearted. I have seen a woman paddle up to a swimming doe, which had been driven into the lake by the guides, and deliberately hold her rifle within a foot of its head and pull the trigger. I have seen two men wait for a stag at a point where they knew it would land, as it was being followed by their dogs across a pond, and when it attempted to climb the bank they cut it down with axes.

The only kind of deer hunting that can really be called sport is when the

hunter's brain is pitted against the animal's instinct in the Western prairies. Here the deer must be followed, trailed and circumvented, all in the open, where you are lucky if you get a shot at two hundred yards. This is the true sport ; the killing of deer in the woods and lakes is mere butchery.

POOL AND BILLIARDS

TAKE your cue from me and never play pool with a stranger or you will probably have more of your money pocketed than balls.

The first thing to learn is the correct way of posing. You should stand in an easy attitude, left leg bent, right leg straight, and hump yourself in such a manner that anyone uninitiated into the mysteries of this subtle art would strongly suspect you of wearing a bustle. Swing your cue up and down as if sawing wood and spread your left hand star-fish fashion on the table, holding the point of the cue in the most complicated way you can devise.

If the cue-ball is in the centre of the table place one knee as near to it as possible, keeping the other foot on the floor, and sprawl out, covering as much of the table as you can. Young women who do not possess good figures should refrain from the use of this play and should be content to employ the bridge. This article is used to reach over the table when all else fails. It is clumsy and unmanageable and a source of woe to the user. Verily a Bridge of Sighs.

Before you play you must also learn to chalk your cue artistically. This is done by fixing your eye firmly on some particular sphere and then to stand staring at it in an absent-minded sort of way while rubbing the leather tip with chalk. Be sure never to look at either tip or chalk, but always mes-



"If the cue ball is in the centre of the table—"

merize a ball. Do this before each play and as long as you think your opponent will stand it—say five minutes. Unless he has remarkable nerve this manœuvre will win you the game nine times out of ten, simply by getting him so worked up over the slowness of your play that he will make miss-cues and scratches when his turn comes.

Always put a look of scornful criticism at the shot your adversary is about to try as though you see something much easier and far better, which he has overlooked. This will make him nervous and he will stop in the middle of his shot to glance around the table. If he does the chances are he will miss anyway.

Never give any advice, however well meant. The man who receives it is sure to miss the shot you suggest and

will then glare at you as if you were to blame.

When you have an easy position play very carefully, so as to give the impression you are doing something extremely difficult. Then when you make the shot you will be applauded. On the other hand, if the position is hard play carelessly as though you considered it a cinch. The audience will then think you are a wonderful player. Should you miss examine the tip of your cue carefully, seeking a flaw or lack of chalk, or else run your hand over the table searching for an inequality on its surface. Another good move is to gaze reproachfully at anyone nearby as though you suspected them of balking you by jostling your elbow or shaking the table. Should you succeed in making a difficult shot

always look unconcerned as if it were an ordinary occurrence.

If your opponent's cue-ball happens to be surrounded by object balls watch him closely to see that he does not touch one, thereby making a foul. If you cause it to appear extremely evident that you expect him to foul he probably will do so, simply out of nervousness.

In fact, pool is a game of bluff, where both players are acting all the time in order to reduce each other's minds and nerves to a state bordering on insanity and absolute collapse.

Many of the above tips hold good in billiards, although in this game much more dependence is placed on the speed and twist of the ball and the reliability of the cushions.

A good rule to work by in billiards

is to invariably hammer the spheres for all you are worth; then, perhaps, you may connect with the two object balls if you can succeed in making the white ball travel enough times around the table.

Always keep a look of deep and hidden meaning on your physiognomy and appear to be buried in intricate calculations. If you miss, smile a superior smile, gazing contemptuously at the balls and giving the impression that in your marvellous playing for position and in the calculating of the various moves for six or eight shots ahead, you had not considered it necessary to take into account the mere possibility of missing such an easy set up.

ROWING

THERE'S nothing better for blisters than rowing. It's a charming sport, but give me a ferry boat every time.

After having learned to propel a large and massive sea-going dory, you think you will try racing for a change. So you go out one fine Saturday afternoon to a boat club and tell the janitor that you want a racing shell. He inquires if you have ever been in one, and receiving a negative answer, looks at you pityingly, and turning to the youth who attends to the boats, shouts: "Hi, Bill, git out de old workin' skiff and chuck in a life preserver!"

You are then told to take off all

your superfluous clothes so that you can swim the more easily, and when the skiff has been made ready the janitor deposits you in it, telling you to hold your oars firmly while he shoves you out into the stream.

You attempt to make a stroke, but your seat seems to give way and run madly toward the stern, then, having encountered an obstacle, it stops short, almost throwing you out. On investigating you discover that it is meant to slide up and down a track. Gingerly you practice the movements a few times and again strike out, but much more gently.

This time the boat seems to leap entirely out of the water, so light is its construction, and you, being accustomed to the sluggish movements of a dory, can hardly believe that the speed



"When you reach the boat house." 135

attained is the result of your exertions. About this time it occurs to you that some steering is necessary. Accordingly you turn suddenly in your seat and look around. There is a sharp lurch and the boat is half filled with water.

When you have bailed most of it out with your cap you screw your head about very gently, find that the boat is way off her course and pull one of the oars violently to point the bow in the right direction. This time she capsizes and you go overboard.

With the aid of the crowd which has collected along the banks and in all sorts of craft to watch your evolutions you tow the boat ashore, dump the water out and try again. Finally, after many such discomfitures, you get the hang of the thing and proceed up the river.

For a while you seem to be flying along with hardly any effort, but gradually it dawns upon you that the sliding seat is made of a peculiarly insinuating kind of wood and that there appears to be no great amount of skin left on your hands. Naturally you turn around and start back.

Harder and harder grows the seat, the oars burn your hands, your legs become cramped, the leather foot-holders cut your feet, the muscles of your back and arms ache, your kidneys seem to be playing tag with your heart, and you feel in imminent danger of sunstroke. When you reach the boat house you have to be lifted out and carried to the dressing-room, and only after an hour's hard rubbing do you feel sufficiently recovered to crawl into your clothes and limp home. Sympa-

thetic friends offer you a carriage, but the very idea of sitting down makes you faint, and the following day every one in church marvels at the sudden excess of devotion which causes you to stand and kneel so industriously.

SKATING

THREE are four varieties of skates—roller, deep sea, ice and alcoholic.

I will not speak of the species resembling a flounder, nor of the one which causes floundering, but will confine myself to roller and ice skating.

Every small boy at one time in his career runs up his parents' clothing bill to an alarming extent by his well meaning efforts to help the street cleaning department. The main causes of disaster are stray twigs and matches, which catch the front rollers of his skates, and throw the novice face downwards. This usually ruins the

knees and elbows of his suit. Sometimes while standing still he will suddenly lose his balance and sit down with emphasis. This is fatal to the seat of his trousers. While another way of destroying the stern rear guardians of his modesty is to skate backwards over a crack in the sidewalk.

The finishing touch is acquired by carrying a leaky oil can in his coat pocket. This causes large brown spots to appear on the surface of his clothing, and in a short time its color scheme will change as completely as that of an irate chameleon. Other accidents are originated by broken axles, loosened clamps, slippery pavements and lost pins.

Ice skating, on the contrary, is a clean sport, and although your pride has many falls, they are not as disas-



"Every small boy at one time in his career."

trous to your wearing apparel, on account of the smoothness of the ice.

When you make your first attempt it seems as if your ankles will never stop bending in and out, and most of your preliminary practice is taken on the sides of your feet. After having lost five or six pairs of heels from the strain put upon them by the rear clamping device, you decide to try to learn a few fancy tricks.

The figure 8 is the time-worn diagram on which you generally begin. After a couple of dozen attempts at an outside edge, which invariably end in an ignominious slide on your ear, you finally are able to make a sickly looking pair of loops which bear a faint resemblance to the figure in question. You next try to master another prehistoric movement called the grape vine. This

consists of a series of short evolutions in a straight line which derive their title from an alleged similarity to the above mentioned creeper. You usually learn the first movement easily, but never get any farther, your progress being invariably impeded by a complicated fall after wrapping your legs around each other in imitation of the twisted strands of a rope.

An extremely effective "stunt" which is not strictly a figure is the jumping from a forward outside edge on one leg to the backward inside or outside edge on the other. This is a very pretty movement provided you land on the other leg and not on the back of your head.

There are many drawbacks to ice skating, such as cracks, open water, rheumatism, cold feet, frozen ears and

collisions. But, on the other hand, there is nothing more exciting than a good half-mile race (provided you win) or the instructing of your best girl in the art, provided she doesn't weigh more than one hundred and fifty pounds.

GAWF

GAWF is a great game, but shiver me niblicks if I think it comes up to tiddleywinks.

Gawf is played with a couple of farms, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of implements resembling enlarged dentists' tools, a strange language, much like Hindoostani, any old clothes and a large assortment of oaths. Other necessaries are tee-caddies, tomato cans, small one-pounders, non-explosive shells, an arithmetic book and a singularly truthful disposition.

The playing of the game is simple enough, but to know what particular club to use on each and every occasion

requires years of study and constant practice.

It was always a wonder to me why the driver, with varying manipulation, could not be used all the way through. But this would have rendered the game too simple, so the cranks formed a lofty cleek which decided that several different styles of clubs should be employed and put the rule in operation, thereby stymieing any poor layman who could not afford to buy a whole boiler factory. Mashies are mostly used by young men and their best girls, who are thinking of trying the links, while aeronauts prefer lofters.

The most interesting appurtenance to gawf is the tee-caddie. If this strange being lived in the city he would undoubtedly be a newsboy. No man is a hero to his caddie. He is



employed to carry on his shoulders about a hundredweight of scrap iron in a leather bag and to find the ball in fields covered with two or three feet of grass after it has been sent out of sight a half mile or so. For this he receives fifteen cents every round of ten miles —when he gets it. Usually the money is owed to him. It is a bad plan, however, to owe the caddie money, for he is much more likely to keep his eye on you than on the ball. And eyes are annoying things to have sticking to you—they get in the road at times.

Bogey is the record of the biggest liar who has ever been on a particular set of links. To make a record at gawf costs quite a sum of money, for you have to fix the caddie, and if he is an old hand at the game, he makes it decidedly expensive.

Other things being equal, the man with the most peculiar get up wins the match. The red coats, so much talked about for a time, were only worn for originality's sake and are now quite out of fashion. So also are gawf breeches. The only way to make a hit in these days of eccentricity is to either play in rags or in a frock coat and silk hat.

The green may be either a new player or a small grass plot in the centre of which is a sunken tomato can. At Newport and other swell places they use caviar tins, but the ordinary can satisfies the plebeian taste of the local gawfer. Here you can spend an hour with remarkable ease in trying to persuade your ball to be canned.

There are many ways of scoring : If you are treed by a vicious cow at the fourth hole for, say three hours, your



"The only way to make a hit in these days."

card should show 3 up and 5 to play. If you drive your ball through a plate glass window, you are 1 up and \$6 to pay. If you hit a passing farmer you are generally done up and no play. If you kill the caddie by a back hand stroke you are locked up and H— to pay.

SWIMMING

SURF swimming means a series of duckings proportionate to the number of times you take a breath ; hence pugilists, political orators and other long winded people have a necessarily easier time than the ordinary bather.

There is something refreshingly uncertain about the surf which makes it fascinating. For instance, you may be standing several yards away from a beautiful and innocent young maiden, who is coyly toying with the breakers, when suddenly a comber comes along, picks her up with her shapely silk-surrounded supports waving wildly in the air, and deposits her in your arms.

You need not hurry to any great extent in unlacing the death-grip she secures on your neck, and if you are sufficiently slow, by the time you are disentangled you have become fast friends. After one or two experiences of this kind you will become expert in judging the distance waves usually carry people, and you will find yourself selecting beforehand the particular fair maiden with whom you wish to become more closely acquainted.

Diving from a spring-board in still water is by far the better sport, and the number of ways in which an expert can get into the swim is quite surprising.

The main thing is to protect your solar plexus. If, after springing some fifteen feet into the air, you do not strike head first, you are exceedingly likely to be counted out in one round.



"When suddenly a comber comes along and—"

But a few such experiences soon produce the necessary precaution and you gradually master all the various "stunts," such as back diving, hand stand diving, back and front somersaults, etc.

To obtain the most perfect enjoyment of this graceful art you should go up to the New England coast, where the water is so clear that on a still day you can see bottom at four fathoms. This is where under water swimming comes in. I remember when taking my first dive in a New England bay. I opened my eyes as I struck the water and was scared stiff to see rocks apparently within two or three feet of the surface. A sounding afterwards showed eighteen feet.

Most beautiful effects may be observed on these rocky coasts when you

dive and swim along near the bottom. Wonderful submarine plants and strangely shaped shells in myriads of colors charm the eye. Graceful fan-like flowers wave gently as you pass and curious rainbow hued jellyfish float majestically along with yards of filmy tentacles trailing in the current. You see crabs, sea spiders and starfish galore, and now and then a gudgeon or a small bass flashes by frightened into hysterics at your approach. Then, turning, you look up and see a most grotesque spectacle. Some ten feet above you on the surface are the ungainly forms of other swimmers, their legs assuming gigantic proportions as they are magnified by the water and their awkward movements contrasting strangely with the absolute peace and weird grace of the submarine world.

Then, as your breath gives out, and you rise to the surface for a fresh supply of air, the same feeling pervades you as when you come out of the doors of a great cathedral into an ordinary city street. From absolute calm and subdued but perfect beauty you emerge into the bright sunlight and hear the shouts and splashes of the bathers.

Only on one occasion did I fail to appreciate the charms of this beautiful under water fairyland, and that was when, after taking a particularly spectacular dive before an admiring audience, I drove head first through the centre of a stinging jellyfish, and arose with a necklace resembling cold consomme clinging around my neck and making my hair look like a saturated mucilage brush.

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL is an indecent game and should be prohibited together with theatrical undressing acts.

That respectable parents should allow their innocent young daughters to deliberately go out in public and watch twenty-two gentlemen of their acquaintance striving to disrobe each other in broad daylight in an open lot, is little short of scandalous. Yet, regularly every autumn the morals of thousands of fair young girls are jeopardized in this manner.

Preparatory training begins early in September while the weather is still warm, in order that the players may

become gradually accustomed to having their clothing torn to pieces in the chilly winds of November without suffering too much discomfort.

The costumes of the contestants are bound firmly upon their bodies with all sorts of patches and harness until it would seem well nigh impossible to remove them ; but the game has been developed to such a high state of perfection that after the first kick-off it only takes a few moments for one or the other team to remove at least a few jerseys and stockings from their opponents, thereby scoring a touch.

There are many formations and tricks which may be played more or less successfully, besides the usual running of the backs behind interferences. In passing, I may say that "interferers" are used for the purpose of keeping the runner's clothes intact as long as



"The costumes of contestants are bound firmly
on their bodies."

possible while he is on his feet, and to replace what they can when he is downed.

Guards back usually means the loss of a padded shoulder and arm from the jersey. Bucking the centre is fatal to stockings and shoes. Tackles or ends back is sure to endanger head gears and muzzles, while the quarter-back kick means the runner's blushing retirement to the side lines in search of a new pair of pajamas, and the utter demoralization of the young ladies on the grand stand. This is described as a safety.

A great deal of study is required in learning the signals correctly, so that you can distinguish at once the difference between 4-11-44, which means "take off the right tackle's collar and necktie," and 16-1, which means "dispose of the quarter-back's shirt."

The composition of a team requires long and careful study. For instance, a competent football coach would never think of placing a man with a dark skin at guard if the centre rush had a fair complexion. The result would be inharmonious. He would insert an auburn-haired youth between them, sending the dark young man to tackle, and thus grading the color scheme down gently from light to dark. This is what is called team play, and no first-class eleven should be without it.

The game is divided into halves with ten minutes intermission between for re-dressing and scrubbing the contestants. The washing is particularly necessary, as otherwise the effect of the “tout ensemble” might be considerably jarred by the appearance of unnatural green and brown tones in the line-up.

DUCK SHOOTING

RAIN storms, fog, miasma,
Cramps and colds and asthma ;—
That's your usual luck
When you go to chase the duck.

Adverse tides and flurries,
Sand banks, rocks and worries :—
Mayhap you have heard
That's the way to find the bird!

Salty eggs and cooking.—
Coffee muddy-looking :—
That's the case no doubt
When you're really camping out.

To lose half your decoys
Is one of many joys
In the hunter's life so free ;—
Full of fun and jollitee.

Then your shells get damp and swell :—
And you wish they were in—well ;—
That's another bit of fun
When the gunner takes his gun.

Then after seven days
Of joy and song and praise
And prayers for better luck,
You return without a duck.

The above lines are an attempt at describing the most common method of shooting ducks.

You get up in the middle of the night and row over to some point of land or flat which the birds are known to frequent. You then set out your decoys and pray that the birds will condescend to pass near enough to be attracted by them. Sometimes they do. More often they do not. This is cold and hard work, and it takes a really enthusiastic sportsman to chase this kind of duck successfully.

Another way, which requires even more steadfastness of purpose and monumental endurance is to hunt ducks



"Then, if you miss—"

at the breaking up of the winter ice on the river.

You paint your boat white and put on a white linen or canvas suit, over your usual clothes. Your gun is chalked white—so also is your hat. You then row out into the ice floe, where the chances are about even that your frail skiff will be crushed or pushed under by the huge masses of piled-up drift.

When in the middle of the stream you see the ducks feeding in the distance, showing black against the general whiteness of the landscape.

It may take an hour or it may take three before you work the boat within gun shot. Then, if you miss, that's all you'll get for your pains, as every duck within hearing will promptly get up and "git." If there are two men in the boat, each with a double gun,

and if neither misses, you may get four or five birds at the most. So any way you look at it, you can hardly be called a game hog in this kind of hunting.

The greatest sport of all is to shoot "pinnies," (a small river duck) from a fast sail boat. You locate them in pairs, or singly, by means of field glasses, then, after working your boat to windward, bear down upon them before the wind—the sail thus concealing the hunters. When you get within shooting distance you jibe the boom over and let loose your arsenal. In this style of shooting you must not only be a quick and accurate shot, but also a skilful sailor. In truth, on a cold autumn day, with a two-reef breeze blowing, this is about the nearest approach to ideal sport that can be found.

HAND BALL

TO successfully play hand ball you must be the possessor of a buoyant disposition which will permit you to be bounced about, knocked up against stone walls and scraped over asphalt floors without suffering the slightest inconvenience therefrom.

The game is played in a kind of bear pit, into which you are lowered and the door closed upon you. You then realize how Daniel felt when he was the star boarder in a similar den.

A skylight or an arc light enables you to admire a thrilling landscape consisting chiefly of four walls, on one of which a chalk line has been drawn

two or three feet above, and parallel with the floor.

You take a rubber ball, and, standing beside your opponent, hit it as hard as you can with the palm of your hand toward the wall and above the chalk line, so that it will rebound and put out his eye. Failing this, and if the other man is able to hit it back, a slugging match begins, in which the main object is to have your hand assume the general complexion of a raw beefsteak. The greatest fun to be obtained from this game is to hit the ball in such a manner that your adversary must needs run violently from side to side in order to return it. As the floor is slippery he usually takes a header into each of the walls in turn. He who first succumbs to concussion of the brain loses the match.



"The son of toil's flipper is not in it with the professional hand ball player."

The Horny Handed Son of Toil's flipper is not in it with a professional hand ball player's paw. The skin becomes so thick, in fact, that it almost approaches the toughness of the hide of a State politician. But on the other hand (and also on the rest of his body) the cuticle is almost, if not entirely, removed after one or two games and usually remains so for an indefinite period.

Yet hand ball is not what might be call a skin game, for it must necessarily be played in a square court and on the level. Excuse me if I seem to make a poor joke, but in these sorrowful times of floods, elections and strikes a jest in type is worth two in the composing room, even as a lie in time saves eight.

The only adequate recompense for taking part in this peaceful pastime is

the shower bath and rub-down afterwards. The shower softens the few hanging shreds of skin still clinging to your body, and these are subsequently removed the more easily by the rubber. When this "gentle"man is through with you, you look like a new-born babe or a boiled lobster, and what is more, you feel like both. But such is life, and if there were no fools in this world, no one would be considered wise by comparison. So, therefore, let us encourage the gentle game of hand ball in order that we may look down upon the players (from the skylight) and rejoice and be exceeding glad when we consider how far above them we stand.

CRABBING

THE crab is a sea bug whose color is green until he is cooked, when he turns red and feels blue. After he reaches your stomach the same general description will usually fit your condition, with the order of colors reversed. A crab may be caught either with an oar or a net, but the latter method is usually preferred by peace-loving people.

Crabs are the scavengers of harbors, and can always be found where the water is particularly filthy. Yet, strange to say, they are considered by epicures to be one of the greatest of delicacies. In passing, I may say that

an epicure is a person who likes his food so disguised by elaborate cooking that he cannot tell what he is eating.

To catch crabs, you buy a piece of meat which has known better days, tie it to a fishing line, take a long pole with a net on the end, go out in a flat-bottomed boat and cast anchor. The reason you always take a flat-bottomed boat is that it offers a better place for the crabs to exercise in. They can run all over it and play tag with each other and their captors.

To really enjoy an afternoon's crabbing, you should take with you a couple of girls, a dog and a baby. The girls will pull a crab up until they catch sight of it, and then shriek so loudly for you to come with the net that the bashful creature, unaccustomed to being picked up by strange young



"It is generally started by the dog."

ladies, retires precipitately to his mud flat, completely covered with confusion.

The excitement begins after about a half dozen good healthy crabs have been placed in the bottom of the boat. It is generally started by the dog, who sniffs at them and suddenly finds his nose grabbed by a pair of pincers. Yelping madly, he will dash up and down until he collides with the baby and knocks it overboard. When the baby is hauled out it is in a state bordering on apoplexy, and has to be wrung out and spread on the deck to dry. I may suggest that anyone having a superfluous number of children may be relieved of a few without incurring the risk of inconvenient investigation by doing a little judicious crabbing in some sequestered nook where the current is particularly swift.

After the baby has been rescued, one of the girls usually discovers that a crab of an investigating turn of mind has taken advantage of the momentary excitement to explore her draperies. The result is too dreadful to mention, but it generally ends in the blushing entremet's total destruction, both morally and physically.

A crab has a remarkably sinister expression of countenance and a warped disposition. He is extremely backward in coming forward and prefers going sideways to either. He has a grasping nature and will rarely let go anything on which he has laid his claws. His eyelashes are long—about four inches—and his character is crusty, while his forehead is low and his taste fishy. Furthermore, he is of an argumentative turn of mind and

rarely agrees with you. On the whole, therefore, he is not a pleasant bedfellow, whether taken externally or internally, unless you are the owner of a singularly good digestion and a clear conscience.

HUNTING MUD HENS

THE hunting of the mud hen in the marshes of New Jersey is a peculiar form of sport; in fact, I question whether it should be called a sport at all.

The birds rarely, if ever, rise, but simply run along through the reeds, offering an easy target to the shooter who is pushed in a gunning skiff to within ten or fifteen feet of his quarry. I have even seen marsh hens killed with poles and oars; yet hundreds of men go out daily from Atlantic City, Cape May, and other coast towns, returning loaded down with birds and actually boasting as if they had done something to be proud of.

The most difficult part of the game is to keep your temper in dealing with your pusher.

I went down to the Inlet at Atlantic City one September afternoon, having previously sent word to a boatman that I wanted him to push me for mud hens and that he must bring his own boat. After keeping me waiting at the appointed place for half an hour, my man showed up minus the boat.

I inquired where it was, but he seemed surprised, saying that he thought I had one. Carefully refraining from a wild desire to throw him off the dock, I told him he must get one, and that quickly, for the tide would turn in a few minutes.

He pondered a while and then said he had a friend who knew a man who owned a sneak box, and he would



"He was rowing a large flat bottomed scow."

straightway set forth to seek him. With that he left.

I sat down on the wharf and watched the tide rise, pause and begin to fall before my man returned. He was rowing a large, flat-bottomed scow. This, he said, was all he could find. I asked him if he thought he could push that thing through the reeds. He said he doubted it. I asked him if he thought there were any birds in the swamps nearby. He answered that he didn't think so. I politely inquired what he thought I had hired him for. He said he really couldn't say. Finally, he volunteered the information that there was a place about four miles away where it was possible to find a bird or two if the wind and tide were right. So we started.

When we got there the tide had

been falling for an hour, but there still remained a few places where there was water enough to float the scow. These my guide completely ignored, and went on to a spot where the bank was several inches above the water, took in his oars, got out his pole and proceeded to try to push the boat up the bank.

I watched his efforts for a time and then inquired why he had selected this place to hunt in. He replied that he had seen a bird shot here last year, and therefore it must be a good place. Marvelling greatly at his subtle powers of reasoning, I watched him perspire for a few more minutes and then, losing all patience, ordered him back to where there was still a little water on the marsh.

It soon became evident, however, that the boatman did not know the

first rudiments of poling, although it must be admitted that he worked hard enough to have pushed a canal boat up the side of a mountain. I might suggest, by the way, that a pusher should always provide himself with a pole stout enough to bear his weight when it sticks fast in the mud and carries him overboard, for it may be several minutes before his partner can paddle the skiff back to where he hangs swinging in the breeze.

As dinner time was approaching I decided that I had had enough sport for one day, so we returned.

When we landed he actually had the nerve to ask me if I wanted to "shoot" again the next day! My reply was lengthy, including his entire family tree and likewise all his future progeny up to the third and fourth generation.

COASTING

ZIPP ! WHIZZ ! Dlen walkee a milee ! This is the Chinaman's idea of tobogganing, and describes that ephemeral sport to perfection.

Unless you live in the country, I would strongly advise you not to try any form of coasting. You get up in the morning, see the streets covered with snow, and promptly jump to the conclusion that the coasting in the country must be fine. So you lug your sled to the railway station, covering your clothes with the rust left on the runners from last year, and after a lengthy altercation with the gateman, who refuses to allow you to pass with

your load until a timely tip closes his eyes, you are given permission to try to get through the straight and narrow way leading to the trains, if you can.

The place is just wide enough to allow a medium-sized person to pass, so, of course, the runners of your sled catch in the fence and at the same time you step on the leading rope. This ties you into an immovable knot exactly in the centre of the passage. At this moment the conductor shouts "All aboard!" and there is a rush of people for the gate, where you are performing the functions of a dam. (At least, this is what they appear to be vociferously telling you.) Finally two or three porters come to your assistance and you are quickly taken into the baggage car in order to escape a threatened lynching.



"Footsore and weary you climb to the top of
the kopje."

After an hour's ride you get out at a little wayside station and look around for the snow. But not a vestige is to be seen, and on making inquiry, you discover that it has not snowed here since the winter before and that the snow you saw in the city was a purely local demonstration.

I will say right here that it is never safe to go beyond the city limits for coasting. The country has no Street Cleaning Department, and therefore no superfluous snow is allowed to accumulate. While in the city, on the contrary, snow may be found any time during the winter, excepting just on the corners of the streets where the policemen keep it off with their portly figures. Of course, if it snows for more than six consecutive hours, these spots will be temporarily covered, while

the doughty guardians of the peace withdraw for meals.

Nevertheless, let us suppose that a miracle has come to pass, and you have actually gone out to the country with a toboggan and your best girl and have found a good hill with a hard crust of snow spreading over it. You place your toboggan on the top, put the young lady in front, so that she will keep the flying snow and dirt off you and also act as a buffer in case you hit anything, and then if you want to be comfortable and safe, you sit down behind her and steer with a stick. But if you think you know it all, you will kneel and steer with your foot. In the latter case, after about six flights over a rough country road, you are reasonably sure of having water on the knee.

One of the many pleasant things

that can happen to you while going down hill is to have the toboggan turn and slide sideways. It is only a question of time when you will be dumped into a drift. And oh ! what a lovely sensation it is, to feel the snow slide down your neck and up your sleeves, where it melts and then freezes. Your enthusiasm can hardly be expressed in words—much less in print.

After excavating your companion from the drift, she gives you a cold look, which, in your frapped condition, makes your bones crackle. She promptly suggests returning home to mother ; but you beg her to have just one more slide.

Footsore and weary, you climb to the top of the kopje, which seems to grow steeper at each ascension, and start down again. Half way to the

bottom a milk cart suddenly drives across the road. * * When you come to, you find yourself in the baggage coach ahead.

It usually takes a week's thawing out and mending in the hospital to put you on your feet. Then you go to see the girl, whom you hear has been patched up and put together again, although the doctors are not quite certain whether all the pieces have been found. But when you reach the house and give your name, the butler informs you that the young lady has left word that if you should happen to call she is "out."

HORSE RACING

AJOCKEY is a gentleman whose integrity is unimpeachable by any one but the highest bidder.

He is usually a young man who would have been a prize fighter if nature had not been so miserly in the distribution of his advoirdupois; so he makes the best of the circumstances and starts in to "bant."

When the general outlook of his anatomy can only be satisfactorily observed through a microscope, he is placed upon a large, raw-boned horse, which has been made the favorite in the betting, and told not to pull him until he enters the home stretch. If

he pulls him artistically, so that it looks as if the horse were tiring, he gets his salary raised in proportion to the amount of money his owner had on the winner (usually a rank outsider). If he bungles the job and escapes with his life from the bookies and those members of the talent who have been caught, he will have a hard time securing another place. My advice to a jockey in this predicament would be to take up the shell game or go into politics.

Another popular method of securing the long green is to purchase a well known and successful race horse, take him to a secluded spot, far from the haunts of men ; then, after a few slight alterations, such as docking his tail, banging his mane and either dyeing or bleaching him to some other color,



"He is placed upon a large, raw-boned horse."

you can spring him on the unsuspecting public as a new racer, thereby securing a good sized handicap in the matter of weight, etc.

If he is a trotter or pacer and can do a mile in 2.15, the best plan is to go to a country fair and enter him in the three-minute class. With a little luck and good weather you should be able to sweat enough rhino out of the hayseeds to pay off the mortgage on your farm. If the weather is bad and your trotter is dyed, he may break into a run. So keep out of the wet.

When you squeeze the public's purse with this kind of a horse, both you and he are generally known as "wringers." But, after all, "what's in a name?" as Baron Rothschild says, when he writes his on a cheque.

When the owner of a rival stable

doctors one of your racers, the effect is the same as in poker when somebody doctors the pack. You don't win. But, if you are a really up-to-date horseman, you will permit him to dope your nag, meanwhile carefully concealing the fact that you are on, and then put all your plunks on the other man's entry.

When you go to collect your hard-earned winnings, and fall under suspicion, all you have to do is to get your rival arrested, and there you are. Simple, isn't it? What's the use of trying to be elected to city councils if you can play a sure thing like this?

CROQUET

IT would hardly be supposed that such a peaceful game as croquet could ever have been a destroyer of life-long friendships and a ruiner of happy homes ; yet twenty years ago this was undoubtedly the case, and perhaps was the very cause of its final decline and fall into obscurity.

The tremendous vogue of croquet in the early eighties has only been equalled by the sudden craze for bicycling a few years since, or the still more recent stampede to golf.

Whenever a loving couple planted the striped stakes and deadly wickets on their front lawn, it was only a ques-

tion of a week or so before a new application was filed in the divorce court. For the wife had caught her husband slyly giving his ball a kick to get it in front of a wicket, while he in his turn, after flatly contradicting her assertion, would insist that her ball had moved more than a mallet's length on her last try for a shot, and therefore she was not entitled to another attempt. Tears and mutual recriminations followed, and the bride would go home to mamma.

So likewise did this deadly game poison the minds of old-time friends; indeed, the cancerous growth sometimes spread throughout entire families, simply because Uncle Abner Jones had accused Aunt Eliza Smith of adjusting a wicket so that her ball might conveniently pass through it or that



"So likewise did this deadly game poison the
minds of old-time friends."

the estimable dame had caught the ball with her skirt, and moved it a few feet nearer the stake. Then the lady whose style of play had been thus cruelly criticized stated that no gentleman would ever think of accusing an old friend of cheating, called for the smelling salts, and subsided gracefully onto a rustic bench. All the other relatives promptly rushed to her assistance, and, having revived her sufficiently, bore her triumphantly off the field, not even designing to take notice of Uncle Abner's humble apologies.

Next Sunday after church they would pass "Ab" the ice pitcher, and his relations, taking sides with him, would, at the very next Assembly Ball, give "Liz" the frozen face.

Thus did many an old family become wired and likewise did many a

loving couple run up against a split shot which drove hubby out of bounds and his "Better Three-quarters" into the long grass-widow-weeds.

BOWLING

ACH! GOTT! How I likes dot game of ten-pins to vatch, alretty!

Bowling is promoted principally for the benefit of the German population of New York city. The Irishman cannot see why a brick should not be used to knock over the pins, while the Italian insists on throwing knives around, which would splinter up the alley. And, since these three varieties of the human race are the only Americans to be found in Gotham, bowling falls into the hands of the Germans as gracefully and naturally as the free-born American

citizen falls into the hands of the police on election night.

A Dutchman rarely makes a spare—he is too stout. But he strikes a good thing sometimes and knocks down all the pins. The balls weigh about fifty pounds apiece and have two holes in which to place the fingers for grasping the globes firmly.

Now and then, after swinging a sphere high over his head, the bowler is unable to remove his pretzel holders from the holes in time. Then he accompanies the ball down the alley on his stomach. In golf this would be called “foozeling his approach,” but the bowler contents himself with addressing the situation as “Heiliges Kreuz Himmel Sternen Donnerwetter!”

When a ball is being rolled back



Bries

"—dodging flying pieces of wood."

along the chute just as the bowler starts to pick up another from the stand, and he gets his fingers crushed, he might, in base ball parlance, be said to be "put out." The victim, however, sizes up this particular play by exclaiming "Donnerwetter!" three or four times in rapid succession.

After the sixth or seventh round, the score begins to grow large, and is, consequently, more difficult to compute. Then, when the score-keeper has been accused of cheating and reciprocates by calling his accuser a liar, the state of the game would be referred to in foot ball as "tackles back" or a "scrimmage." But, nine times out of ten, the contestants will remark "Ver-dammt Lumpensack!"

When a player drops a ball on his toe, it would be spoken of in cricket

as "stumped." He calls it "Vermaledeite Ungeschicklichkeit!"

The hardest job connected with bowling, aside from keeping the beer mugs full, is that of setting up the pins. The boys employed are practically bowling "caddies," but instead of being expected to go after the balls, as in golf, the balls are thrown at them. And they spend their lives in durance vile, dodging flying pieces of wood as enthusiastically as most of us do the tax collector, and receiving all the superfluous bad language that has not been hurled at the other appurtenances of this wicked game.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Branch Bindery, 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 028 933 945 0